

ENGINEERS DOWN MEDS TO INCREASE LEAD IN INTERFAC RUGBY

SCIENCE BEAT MEDS 20-0 THIRD BATTLE

Ives and Gardiner Make Big Gains
For Sci Squad

In Wednesday's interfacu encounter Science won their third consecutive game by whitewashing the Pharmedents 20 to 0.

The score is a fair representation of a game in which the Science backfield ran amuck with a series of sparkling end runs.

The Meds were on the defensive for the larger part of the game, their weak point being their inability to stop Ives and Gardiner on the end runs, while on the offensive their frequent fumbles forced them to rely on kicking, which was rather weak.

Ives and Gardiner were responsible for most of the Science score, Ives carrying the ball 40 yards for a touch on the second play, while together they ran 75 yards for the last one.

The whole Science team played top-

notch rugby, and it would hard to single out any of the other players.

Clarke, as quarter for the Meds, played a good game when his team was on the offensive, but repeated fumbles frustrated his efforts to make yards.

Lineups:

Meds: McGill, snap; Coffin, Morrison, insides; Moe, Gale, Dumont, middles; Wheeler, Aiello, Herbut, ends; Crawford, Jespersen, fullbacks; Holmes, Whiteside, Anderson, halves.

Science: Hawkins, snap; Lilje, Pitfield, insides; Campbell, Sosinsky, Prior, Morrison, middles; Kinnear, end; Freeze, Ives, fullbacks; Sherwood, Pitcher, Kieth, halves.

Summary

First quarter: Touchdown, Ives (Science), 5 points; rouge, Morrison (Science), 1 point; field goal, Gardiner (Science), 3 points.

Second quarter: Touchdown, Prior (Science), 5 points.

Third quarter: Kick to deadline (Science), 1 point; touchdown, Gardiner (Science), 5 points.

Fourth quarter: No score.

Opening Service in Convocation Hall Impressive Ceremony

Dr. Wallace Addresses Students at Initial Service Last Sunday Morning

"Those who will be successful in life will be those who have a sense of values that is sound," said Dr. Wallace to the students in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning in the first student service of the session. In speaking on the subject, "The Meaning of Life," Dr. Wallace said that the answer has not yet been fully given to the world. Ever since the time of Francis Bacon there have been fuller ideas on experimental science—a greater knowledge of the natural world. When it was found out that a set of given causes would produce a certain result there grew up the idea that there are natural processes which go on of their own volition. Out of ideas formed

all this was a closed, determined, materialistic world. This conception is being modified today by scientists themselves, who have found that, for example, in the field of physics things are not as simple as they were thought to be. In nature there is always a large element of indeterminacy.

At present there are growing ideas about the relationship between the animate and the inanimate. In the old concrete system the will was ruled out, whereas now volition or will is included and closely related to the problem of values; for the best definition of which we go back to the Greeks, who believed in the highest good—truth, beauty and goodness. The German philosopher Hegel insisted that the world of values was superior to other things, and that the ultimate solution must come, not from the scientist, but from the philosopher, working from the complex values downwards. Where the scientific approach to life has failed in the past fifty years has been in not recognizing the value of other things. Recent thought tends to mix ideas from different fields of knowledge; this is largely due to the pragmatic English temperament that demands results. If the results are satisfactory, then the theory must be sound.

The Founder of our religion had values, the pragmatic test of which showed that His interpretation of life was sound. Even on the cross, an apparent failure, history has shown that He was right. The men and women who stand out in history as being worth while have been those who have had a sound conception of the inner value of life. We all determine success in terms of material things, though we all know in our moments of soundest thought that we are wrong. In the essential things it is the pragmatic test that counts.

In conclusion, Dr. Wallace said: "That man is successful who can be followed to death knowing that his sense of values is sound."

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VARSITY PRESIDENT OPENS ART EXHIBIT

Dr. R. C. Wallace Gives Opening Address at Loan Exhibition of Edmonton Museum of Arts

Dr. R. C. Wallace was the speaker at the public opening of the annual loan exhibition of the Edmonton Museum of Arts in the galleries at the Civic Block Tuesday, October 20. On Wednesday evening Professor James Adam spoke.

During the exhibition the museum has been open daily. Saturday the hours will be from 10 to 12 a.m. and on Sunday from 2 to 5 p.m.

This year the exhibition includes 21 pictures of Canadian artists, loaned by the directors of the Canadian National gallery at Ottawa, 9 new pictures and objects of art acquired during the past year by the museum, and a large exhibition of wood engravings by Miss Clair Leighton, A.R.F., England.

University Photographic Studio Quite Up-to-date

Gateway Free-Lance Reporter Makes Tour of Inspection—Discovers Why Dark Room Is a Dark Room—Spots for Ladies—Studio Doesn't Slip On the Slides

(An Interview with Mr. H. P. Brown, by D. Stone)

Some years ago a student delegation requested the Department of Extension to arrange to do the photographic work for the Year Book. At that time the Department of Extension was unable to comply on account of the lack of studio facilities. A year or two later, however, when a broadcasting studio was installed, the Department was able to supply the University students with a photographic studio.

The presence of a studio of this kind on the campus is an asset to the Year Book Committee and Gateway staff, since it facilitates their work in getting a student's picture for publication. Varsity clubs such as the Athletic Club, Glee Club, etc., also find the University Studio convenient when they want a group picture taken.

As a reporter of The Gateway, I was a very privileged person. Mr. Brown, studio director, took me on a tour of inspection over the whole plant. I was led through a maze of secret chambers, many of them black as night itself. As I passed through some I noticed tanks of liquid standing on a table and weird camera-like objects resting on supports. In one room a girl in a smock sat before an easel-like arrangement, brush in hand, and quite unperturbed by our presence.

As we went along Mr. Brown explained this very wonderful plant to me. This studio has been supplied with equipment specially designed for the type of work that is done there. In the first place, the camera, made by the Eastman Co., was especially designed to take a picture 3"x4" large. This size of picture is suitable

for the Year Book. If a picture smaller or larger than this is desired, the studio contains a projection and reducing printer. This machine is the most modern of its kind used today. It has this advantage over the old machine: it is always in focus. It can enlarge a picture to a size of 20"x24", and reduce it to the size of a postage stamp.

Another very modern piece of equipment owned by this studio is the apparatus used to take flashlight pictures. Flash bulbs instead of powder are used. The old method produced a picture in which the subject looked as if he had been shell-shocked. The new method produces a picture in which the subject looks perfectly natural.

Co-eds Are Spotted

For the benefit of the ladies there is a spotlight. This produces a very pleasing effect in a picture. It makes the young lady appear as if she were surrounded by a halo of glory, or perhaps it is a halo of romance—who knows?

The men are privileged to have the spotlight played on them also. However, the men seem to eschew being in the spotlight.

A traveller from the Eastman Studio was quite surprised to find a spotlight in the studio here. Said he, "Most studios use the spotlight only in their best work."

Said Mr. Brown: "We use it in practically all our work."

Another very impressive-looking piece of apparatus is a mammoth lamp which generates 10,000 candlepower. This apparatus was constructed in our own University.

No Chesterfields

I might say that the "dark rooms" where the plates are taken are very dark indeed. A dark vestibule and a winding passage of approach keeps the stray ray of light from wandering in. As many as two hundred photographs can be taken in one day and the proofs taken of them. Within twenty-four hours from the time one sits for a photograph, one may see the proof.

The studio buys all its supplies, as far as possible, in Canada, and the work is done just as close to cost as possible.

Obviously the students appreciate this, and find the studio on the campus a convenience. For within the last five years over 3,000 students have been photographed.

Some Nifty Slides

It is interesting to note that this studio is the only one west of Winnipeg that does distinctive lantern slide work. The slide-making plant was made in the University and is more up-to-date than plants in Chicago.

Several thousand slides are produced here each year for University departments and lecturers.

The colored slides are painted by hand in oils or special water colors. These are all beautifully done, and when seen on a screen seem almost as perfect as the original from which the slide was taken.

This cold weather makes us think of Christmas—and Christmas makes us think of the inevitable photograph, the gift which our friends could not buy. The studio is prepared now to photograph any student.

NOTICE

I wish to sincerely thank my supporters for electing me to the office of secretary-treasurer of the Sophomore Class. I feel that with the co-operation of the various members of the excellent executive chosen, I will at all times be able to do my part to promote the best interests of the Sophomore Class of 1931-32.

ERNIE AYRE.

ALBERTA LOSES TO SASKATCHEWAN 14-0

Dempster, McAdam, Hall and Timothy Star in Brilliant Fray

Superb kicking by Harry Dempster combined with the heady work of Mickey McAdam to spell defeat to The boys played great rugby, and Varsity's stalwarts on Saturday last, the score does not indicate a true measure of Green and Gold ability.

Alberta a Little Weak

Many costly fumbles and some lack of co-ordination of play was in many cases apparent in Varsity's delivery, and Saturday's game left little in doubt that Saskatchewan fielded a stronger and more efficient scheme. But listen, you seniors, and you, Bud Morgan, we're all behind you and look forward keenly to a real victory next time. Al Hall, the good old stand-by, gave a great exhibition of defensive play, and though Al possibly copped a limelight position he was no more consistently effective and put no more heart and soul in the game than any other individual. We have a gang of real sports.

Al Hall, "Midget" Timothy and Smith, our new flying wing, were the chief stars, and while Harold Richard, Freshman flash, made a few costly fumbles, his clever running plays in large measure compensated.

The first quarter began with an even play on both sides which had the crowd on their toes time after time. This man Dempster is a real booter of Archie McLeer and Jack Fraser calibre, and in the closing minutes of the first quarter he hoisted a kick to Varsity's deadline.

Second Quarter

In the second quarter a costly

fumble by Eddie McCourt, inside, gave Saskatchewan possession of the ball, and after some brilliant running by Dempster and Graham, Dempster kicked high to Richard, who was rouged.

Play was close and fast during the opening of the second half, and finally the played centred on Alberta's 25 yard line. A poor lateral pass, Richard to Timothy, once more gave Saskatchewan possession, and Dempster kicked to the deadline for a rouge.

Last Quarter

After forcing Varsity to their 30 yard line, Mickey McAdam managed to batter through to the 10 yard line, and Alan Bradford smashed the Alberta line to give Saskatchewan another 5 point boost. The convert was not accomplished.

Richard then attempted another pass to Timothy, which was intercepted by Pete Therrein, who made the most brilliant play of the day, a 70 yard dash for another touchdown. It was a grand play, and he received a great hand from the crowd. Dempster converted successfully.

Saskatchewan played real brainy rugby, Dempster, McAdam, Therrein, Bradford, Graham and Cook making substantial gains and using real skill and judgment.

Lineups: Saskatchewan: Snap, Cook; insides, Bradford, Hegan; middles, Logan, Lee; ends, Laberge, A. Silver; quarter, McAdam; halves, Dempster, Graham, Therrein, McNab; subs, McCaithy, Bowker, Clark, Foster, Salter, Odehard, Tomecko, R. Silver. Alberta: Jestley, Burke, McCourt, Gale, Stewart, Hutton, Cook, Richard, MacDonald, Hall, McLennan, Timothy, Pullishy, Hunter, Smith, Austin, Kennedy, Cameron, Maybank, Gordon.

Referee, Moe Lieberman; judge of play, Bill Broadfoot; head linesman, Jimmy Enright.

The League of Nations and The Manchurian Question

Among the events of world interest which is probably attracting most concern is the present meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. To Geneva has been brought all the elements in the dispute between the two nations in the Manchurian affair—distance, lack of means of verifying conflicting reports, the special rights of the Japanese in Manchuria, and the manifest powerlessness of the Nanking Government in giving effective guarantees concerning the conduct of Chinese troops under the leadership of Chang Haueh-liang at Mukden. The League itself is under a handicap somewhat, in the fact that four Cabinet members had to be absent during the discussion of the Manchurian affair.

One of the most marked features of this meeting is the close collaboration that is being established with the U.S.A. Mr. Hugh Wilson, U.S. minister at Berne, has been in daily attendance at the late stages of the Assembly. When a Commission was appointed to discuss the question of an armament truce, Mr. Wilson became a member of the drafting sub-committee. Thus the United States is marching side by side with the League in the Manchurian affair.

Matters for Argument As for the dispute itself, it is a little too early to draw conclusions. At the Council table Mr. Alfred Sze,

Chinese minister in London, has secured considerable sympathy through the skillful handling of his case. On the other hand, Mr. Yoshizawa, his rival, has been at a considerable disadvantage by reason of difficulties with both English and French. It was clear that in these circumstances the Council must walk warily and avoid flourishing the big stick too soon. The first essential task is to get the Japanese troops to withdraw to the bases whence they had started. Some ardent commentators are greatly disappointed that the Council did not level an ultimatum at Japan with the threat of a blockade behind it. However, the Council is hoping that Japan will withdraw quietly without any strain of the relationships between Tokyo and Geneva.

Hope for Settlement There is a good deal to settle yet—responsibility for the outbreak and the question of reparations. In all respects the affair will need great concentrated study yet. The League has most certainly done much to promote a settlement, and now the observance of the truce will have to be left in the last resort to the honor of the governments. If they are honorable in their intentions, a broad statement of principle such as the League has formed will suffice to promote a peaceful settlement.

—T. K.

Married Women to Keep on Working, Debaters Decide

Debate Concerning Women Holding a Position After Marriage—Good Turn-out Thursday—Pete Tingle in Chair

We went to a debate—at 8 o'clock Thursday, Oct. 14. Resolution: "Resolved that women should be dismissed from paid work on marriage." Much to our gratification we found that the room was more than half full of charming co-eds. We learned afterwards that this was a state of affairs seldom before ever seen at the Debating Club. They might have come because of the tea promised them—or it might have been to learn their fate—to work or not to work after marriage. Anyway, they came. And by the way, we do hope that they have not frightened away the men permanently. There's plenty of room for everyone.

Mr. C. N. (Pete) Tingle, the President, welcomed both old and new members. For the benefit of the new members he explained the system of parliamentary debating used at the meetings. Some member is chosen as speaker of the House for the evening. The remainder of the House, consisting of all present, divides, those supporting the motion sitting on the right of the Speaker and those opposing it on the left.

Each side is usually led by one or two students chosen in advance of the meeting. After the debate is opened by them any member of the House is at liberty to rise and express his or her views. The debate lasts until the supply of speakers runs out. A vote is then taken to decide the winners. Mr. Tingle called upon Mr. John Maxwell as leader of the Government

to open the debate. In eloquent terms Mr. Maxwell denounced the practice of married women working. Miss K. Craig justified our faith in modern women by strongly supporting the opposition. We have little hope of any fair co-ed ever catching Mr. Art Bierwagon, second speaker for the government, because his attitude seems to be "not that I love married women less, but I love unmarried women more." Mr. W. Bowker, as the next speaker for the opposition, seemed convincingly strong in his belief that married women had a right to work, and moreover were just as desirable as their unmarried sisters.

The House was thrown open to any member who wished to speak. Mr. Ted Manning, Miss M. I. Jackson and Mr. C. Kirby took advantage of this opportunity to speak. In spite of the witty speeches of Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Bierwagon, no member of the House supported them. All spoke in support of the negative, and when the vote was taken it was found that the motion was defeated.

Mr. Tingle called for suggestions as to subjects for the next debate. The following were suggested:

Resolved that all war debts be cancelled.

Resolved that Oriental History should be taught in Occidental schools.

Resolved that Ramsey MacDonald's move in forming a National Government was for the good of England.

Resolved that the Faculty of Arts be abolished.

The last subject is the one chosen for the next meeting.

SECOND ANNUAL PEACE CONFERENCE

To be held in the First Baptist Church, Edmonton, Alberta, Monday, October 26th, 1931.

"World Disarmament" will be the general topic under discussion. The public is invited to attend all meetings of the conference.

Preceding the conference there will be a luncheon at the Hudson's Bay Dining Room (entrance 103rd Street), at 12:15, the speaker being the Rev. Chas. G. Stone, Chairman F. D. Sutcliffe, President of the Edmonton Branch of the League of Nations Society.

Subject: "Feeding Gold to the Hungry Mars."

The afternoon meeting, of particular interest to women, will be held in the First Baptist Church at 3:00 p.m.

The speakers are: The Hon. Irene Farley, Mrs. A. D. Miller, Chairman, Mrs. W. A. McCorker, President Edmonton Branch, Women's International League.

The evening meeting, also in the First Baptist Church, will convene at 8:00 p.m. The chairman is Mr. G. F. McNally, Provincial Supervisor of Schools, the speakers being: Rev. G. H. Villatt, B.A., Mr. A. U. G. Bury, M.P., Mr. C. L. Gibbs, M.L.A.

Opportunity will be given at the Conference for the signing of the petition for World Disarmament by International Agreement. Copies of this petition are being circulated in over 40 countries and in 20 different languages by the Women's International League, the League of Nations societies and other organizations.

NOTICE

SOPHOMORE RETURNS

President: Hugh Arnold. Vice-President: Norma Cameron (acclamation). Sec.-Treas: Ernie Ayre. Executive: De Lyle Boase, Bessie Clark, G. A. R. Mason.

SECOND HOUSE DANCE RIPS NORTER

Football Players "Tagging" Along Athabasca re-echoes to "Saskatchewan, Saskatchewan"

The second house dance of the season proved to be a "huge" success, both in numbers present and exuberance of spirits. Several times popular opinion forced the orchestra to concede a further encore, especially for such soulful numbers as "Happy Days" and "I love you truly." And again the orchestra must be congratulated on the splendid quality of the music.

Every dance was a tag for the Saskatchewan and Alberta rugby teams, and they made the most of their opportunity, although the other men assiduously avoided the formidable huddle in the center of the floor. Great applause followed the rendering of the Saskatchewan yell by that dauntless team, but still greater was the din when hundreds of voices from soprano to bass vociferated

"Varsity, Varsity, Rah, Rah, Rah, Varsity, Varsity, Al-ber-ta."

Someone remarked afterwards, "Dancing was rather difficult, but I met a lot of people." Saturday night we were glad to sacrifice the aesthetic (including satin slippers and lost earrings) in the thrill of renewing old acquaintance and meeting new people.

NOTICE

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the Sophomore Class for reposing the trust they have in me in electing me to the Presidency of the Sophomore Class. I feel confident that with as strong an executive behind me this year will be a red-letter one in the history of Class '31, and I will certainly do all in my power to make it one.

HUGH ARNOLD.



THE GATEWAY

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CARNIVAL OF CRUDITY

The act of spectators in leaving the stadium before the end of the second of last Saturday's rugby game was one of the most appalling breaches of "audience etiquette," and certainly fell far short of common decency, let alone the sportsman's code (really another name for the same thing more consciously—and more conscientiously—applied).

We are quite well aware that many of the people who left twenty minutes before the end of the game had been occupying hard seats for two or three hours; if there must be boasting about it, we sat on similar seats, and were muttering unkind remarks to them before the afternoon was over. Then, of course, we were quite convinced that our team was playing a losing game—but a good game! Because it was a good game, we stayed with the few loyal souls who refused to be led by the ill-mannered originators of the exodus. Perhaps we were blindly supporting that "TEAM" which causes U.S. college men to break into a purple rash of righteousness when they shout from their stadiums; perhaps we had a genuine appreciation of the technique of both teams—again, we may have been too polite to go. In any case, it is not the remembrance of those hard planks which causes us to condemn those who were so "fortunate" as to leave before we did.

As a feature writer points out somewhere in this week's issue, it is not only the discourtesy of early leave-taking that galls. There is the further consideration that rugby football regulations call for a clear field. The Saskatchewan players would have been quite justified in halting play until the willy-nillies who invaded the field had been cleared off. As it was, the players did not protest—not necessarily because they were winning—and two or three particularly fine bits of last-minute play were not only spoiled, but were hidden from the view of the people who had kept their seats.

The rugby officials would have had our complete approval if they had refused to allow an exit from the grid during the last quarter. A few of the spectators might have been inconvenienced, but in general the action would have been advantageous, and would have shown courtesy to both teams.

WHEN WHITE IS BLACK

Even Canadians, it seems, are prone to fall short of those ideals which they are wont to profess with unbounded pride for emulation by those depraved United States. The colour line extends far to the north of the Mason-Dixon line—very much farther north.

Roland Hayes, as was remarked in a feature article in last week's issue of this paper, appeared to be "just another nigger" to superior Edmonton whites: we can safely assume that the superior people were also ignorant people. The famous tenor can well afford to ignore such prejudice.

Whether he can afford to pass over public insults or not, we were quite scandalized on learning that the MacDonald Hotel had refused to allow Roland Hayes admittance to the dining room. That was carrying prejudice to extremes, in a country which continually puts itself on the back for its broad-mindedness. It was the sort of thing for which we could not forgive even Toronto.

Edmonton is becoming snooty.

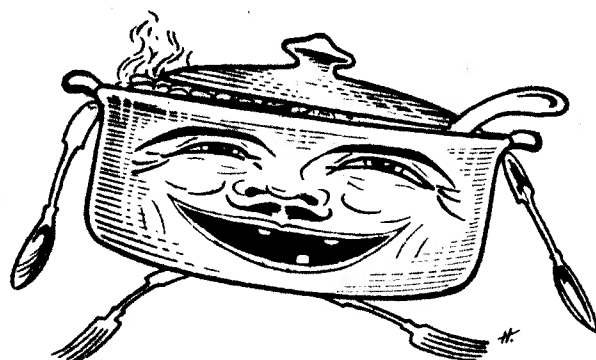
GREATEST OF THE GREAT?

Edison joins the great in their silence. He leaves behind the inevitable story of tribute, the usual deluge of press eulogies attendant on the passing of one of the present generation of famous men, and (as usual) the tributes and eulogies are composed by many, read and listened to by many who appreciate very little the contributions to their welfare for which Thomas Alva Edison was responsible; most of us can never come to appreciate them.

How pitiful, how very puny—our efforts to estimate the numerous ways in which Edison aided so many branches of endeavor! It is easy to say that Edison did this and that—electric lights, phonographs, telephones, telegraphs, motion pictures, radio, and so forth owed much (in some cases all) of their existence to him—but those things which first come to mind might have been produced by a Frankenstein monster for selfish and horrible ends. We have many contemporaries who are quite prepared to declaim that scientists do develop their discoveries with ulterior motives or no motives at all (?). Remarkably few are the great scientific workers who are selfish when it comes to the application of their discoveries, however, and Edison was one of the most beneficent of men. He produced inventions and improvements to inventions with a view to aiding invalids as well as the healthy; he encouraged the arts, gave invaluable direction to improvement of educational and governmental methods, and strove for international amity. His kindness was markedly positive; few types of humanity escaped his helpful attention. What he did was of a lasting nature, moreover, and will continue to gain in importance as few contributions gain when their originator has passed on.

In June of this year, Edison spoke to millions by means of radio. The sentiments he expressed then concerned the financial depression, but they were clearly typical of his attitude throughout his amazingly energetic career: "Be courageous . . . Have faith . . .

CASSEROLE



PUSH THE BUTTON

A molderdrammer in 3 scenes
By "Mac and Buttercup"

Scene 1. Time—to retire.

The curtain rises to disclose Mother seated in her old rocker in her bathrobe of turkish tow line and a fit of tears.

Enter Daughter, in a frock like a barb-wire fence, protecting the property without interfering with the view.

Daughter: Why weepest thou there, mother dearest?

Mother: Dammit, it's as good a place as any to weep, isn't it? Old Buttonov, the Russian skinflint, has threatened to foreclose the mortgage tomorrow morning at noon.

Small boyish voice off stage—Mother! I'm hungry. I Wauneita.

Mother (aside): Poor child: The wurst is yet to come.

Daughter: Fear not, mother mine. Colin will save the day.

Mother: Yeah? That Scotch boy friend saves everything he lays hands on.
(Curtain)

Scene 2. Time—Next morning.

Mother and daughter are seen washing dishes. A rap is heard at the door.

Daughter: Who's there?

Voice: It is I.

.....Mother: Great Scot! To think that he's become a school teacher!

Enter Hero. From the top of the kitchen cabinet the girl falls on his neck.

Daughter: Darling! We're ruined.

Hero: Heavens! Not both of you?

Daughter: The mortgage is to be foreclosed at noon today.

Hero: Fear not, my beloved. I have an idea.

Mother (aside): It will die of loneliness.

Hero: Trust in me. I will hie myself forth and return at noon with the filthy lucre.

Exit. Sound of ancient Lizzie starting is heard off stage.

(Curtain)

Scene 3—The same. Time 11:30.

Mother and daughter are seated in arm-chairs and attitude of tense expectancy. A rap is heard.

Daughter: Enter.

Enter the Villain, wearing prop moustache for twirling purposes.

Villain: Have you my money?

Daughter: Alas.

Villain: I did not ask for a lass; I asked for my money. On second thoughts, however, if you will marry me I will cancel the mortgage.

Daughter (with feeling): A fate worse than death.

Villain: Come, my dear, you will have everything your heart desires. Who knows? you may even learn to love me. Do you want to see your mother driven into the snow?

Daughter: Not that! Not that! Colin will save us.

Villain: Count not on him. I just passed him in a beer parlor, beard to the eyebrows.

Daughter: Not him. He uses a Gillette.

Villain: Maiden, at last I have you in my powahhh. Your time is up in five minutes. Do you consent to become my wife?

Daughter: For the sake of my aged mother I consent. But I can be a wife in name only.

Villain: Yeah!

Noise of Ford outside. Enter Colin.

Hero (to Villain): Here is your dirty money. Count it.

Villain (twirling moustache): Foiled again. Curse it! Curse it!

Daughter (with note of triumph in her voice): Wrong again. It's a girdle.

(Curtain)

N.B.—The hero obtained the money by selling all rights to this story to "True Pathos Magazine."

Then there was the little negro boy who was called Weatherstrip, because he was born just before the war and saved his father from the draft.

Glimpse of the obvious: "Say, guys, how did youse know that us goils wasn't univoisity dames?"—The Sheaf.

Go forward!" No man has been more faithful to his precepts.

The National Broadcasting paid (in our opinion) the best of the many tributes to the great inventor: in collaboration with the large American electrical interests, the Company broadcast an hour's-length chain program of some of the finest music in the world's repertoire. Many of the compositions were Edison's favorites, and were played by his favorite musician—Ephraim Zimbalist, violin virtuoso. We have listened to numerous wonderful operatic and symphonic arrangements during the twelve years in which radio broadcasting has become popular, but last Sunday's program was without a peer. A man of Edison's music-loving nature could wish for no finer commemoration of his life and achievements: music can give expression to so much more than words.

The musical tribute, like all others, has gone to join the dead in their silence. If the dead can hear, we should like to think that Edison heard and will cherish the musician's best. If he could not hear it the gesture was at least well-meant, possessing in full whatever significance varying degrees of cynicism allow to be attached to such gestures.

CORRESPONDENCE

A CRITICAL CRITICISM

10255 117th St., Edmonton,
Oct. 19, 1931.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The title of your editorial in the issue of Oct. 16th was "A Criticism of Criticisms." Far be it from me to write a criticism of a criticism on criticisms (I am already in a critical state), as a matter of fact, I heartily approve of the policies outlined in your critique. I am, however, exceedingly desirous of following your illustrious example by criticizing one of your critics.

The name of this particular critic is unknown to me, but it matters little since it is rather a principle than a person that I wish to criticize. I am referring to the write-up entitled "Roland Hayes, Noted Tenor, Gives Splendid Recital."

Not having had the good fortune (to be frank, the price) of listening to Mr. Roland Hayes, noted tenor, I avidly seized the chance of reading the impressions of a Gateway reporter, who, it is taken for granted, should be an authority on the assignment granted to him.

Imagine how amazed I was to find that in place of a report of a concert I was to read a discourse on tolerance and intolerance, prejudice and persecution and black or white. I looked for a statement on the calibre of his voice, and I learnt that some people didn't enjoy the company of those who were not snow-white; and that the U.S.A. was condemned to eternal damnation because equal rights were not always given to colored people and because Al Capone was allowed to get away with murder.

All quite true and interesting, but the concert is still quite a mystery to me, and what absolutely dumb-founded me (but not too dumb to express my views) was a Sunday school yarn in which this apparently very tolerant writer makes the statement "not a white man—but a Jew."

This statement may have been introduced unwittingly, but to me the last iota of value of that article had been squashed. As a criticism of a concert it wasn't a bad plea for tolerance until that simile was introduced, which in itself was intolerance, prejudice and bigotry as narrow-minded and blind as it could be.

Whether you publish this letter or not, Mr. Editor, I ask you to think on these things, and have them in mind when you instruct your reporters in the future.

A LOVER OF CRITICISMS
THAT CRITICISE.

(In fairness to the author of the write-up criticised by our correspondent, we inform our readers that "Roland Hayes, Noted Tenor, Gives Splendid Recital" was originally intended as a Gateway feature—not as a news story. It was through no fault of the author that his work was placed on the front page as if it were an ordinary report; a last-minute rush in sending copy to the printing department resulted in the mistake. With this explanation, we hope we have corrected a very natural misunderstanding.—Editor.)

THE RALLY QUESTION

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—What has happened to the Rally Committee? Has it shrunk before the scathing scorn of Gateway editorials? The southern section of the bleachers seemed to want to yell at the game last Saturday. Some disgruntled students (some even ex-members of the said committee) voiced the opinion that we needed more and better cheer leading. It has been said that cheering hinders the team in its action. Something else must have hindered our men last Saturday. A few more cheers would not have been amiss. Why not put some pep into the "team on the bleachers"? Let's have some rally practice; let's have more rally leaders; let's give our team a cheer. Even if it distracts their playing, it shows them that we're behind them.

—D. W. W.

A PROTEST

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—The recent parliamentary debate seemed to be centred entirely upon the vehement reiteration of the fundamental platitude of liberated womanhood—woman is the intellectual equal, if not the intellectual superior of man.

This, of course, was inevitable in such a discussion, but most unfortunately the same topic is brought up again and again in any discussion, nay, even in any conversation, in which an innocent and perfectly disinterested male is enveigled by a partially educated but distressingly earnest female. Men have begun to weary of hearing of the triumphal emancipation, for they really don't care one way or another.

The frequency with which I had been informed of the cleverness of woman first nurtured the seeds of suspicion in my breast, for this desire to impress savoured rather strongly of an inferiority complex, and I began to wonder. To my limited knowledge (and I am very anxious to be enlightened on this point) there has been, as yet, no woman that has done creative work, with the possible exception of Mme. Curie, working in collaboration with her husband. The ranks of the immortals are conspicuously barren of women. What has woman contributed to art—to poetry? Nothing, unless Mme. Lebrun's portraits of herself and the drivelings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Olive Meynell can be ranked with the "Madonna" and "Hamlet." My chivalric nature forbids me to mention science, even the most ardent of feminists must concede this field to men.

Women are natural actresses, and born mimics. For this reason they do succeed in business and in the professions. There, they have but to follow in the footsteps of others; they are good at this.

The lament will invariably be raised that they have never had a chance, that even now they are excluded from some universities. Who is to blame for this? It seems to me that they must have had the same opportunity at the beginning.

It is true that nature endowed men with superior physical strength, but do not all "intellectual" women firmly believe that brain will triumph over brawn? Why were not women able to devise means of freeing themselves from the domination of the boorish males—why shouldn't they have been the first to combat clubs with bows and arrows? Leisure is essential to the development of the intellect, and I am so rash as to maintain that women have had as much, if not more, leisure than men. Why shouldn't she have set up an extraordinary dictatorship, and have been the first to start schools, to the exclusion of men?

It may be that the twentieth cen-

WINTER

Men say, in softer climes,
That Circe, mourning her one daughter's loss,
Shrank from her task of aiding plants: and so
Each year brought winter.
But I like to think
With those old rovers of the restless seas:

Who, when the winter blasts had piled the snows
Eave high to their great hall, thus told the tale:
"The gods, who each controlled a several part
Of earth and life and movement placed thereon,
When came the season of the shortened days
Held to their halls in high carouses.
Then
Stole the grim giants forth o'er all the land:
The Cold, the Snow, the Tempest, and
Hoar Frost
They stripped the drying leaves from every tree
Save evergreens, too well beloved of gods,
Hence these they spared. They battered at the walls
The earth born raised to shield their homes and kine,
And ran and frolicked over all the land,
The while the Gods above were at their feast.
But when the Gods looked forth again, the giants
Fled to their mountain solitudes in fear,
And all earth blossomed with the joy of spring."

'Twas so they told the story in their halls
And to my ears it rings the better tale
Than that the cunning of the Greeks devised.

—O. R. W.

tury has miraculously developed a type of super-woman, as it seems to have developed exclusively "Halitosis" and "Athlete's Foot," but this is somewhat doubtful.

Woman is a peculiar bird, and so is the ostrich, but may it be said in defence of the latter that he at least covers his eyes, while the more enlightened woman keeps hers open, yet sees less. Men dominate and women like it. Intellectual equality? Apple sauce!

—P. N. P.

A FRIENDLY CHAT
FROM CAT TO CAT

By Anne Zatsat

A run in a stocking is our idea of a speedy road to the poor-house.

He may be just a baker to some, but he's the staff of life to us.

In New York it's speakeasies; in Edmonton it's Tuck, and you howl out loud to make yourself heard.

To those whom it may concern: There are twelve automobile tires on the river bed on one side of the High Level and six on the other. Anyway, that's the count registered by some of our most brilliant engineering students.

One thing about the intermission at the house dance was that it gave us time to have the next dance with the right man. Most unusual!

These things may be street cars to some, but they're just a waste of time to others.

The radio may be a wonderful invention, but there are several loud speakers we'd like to choke off.

We couldn't figure out why a great many of these boys around the halls are so pale and wan. But now we know that they're anxious about getting a bid to Wauneta.

We're fairly easy going, but one thing we can't stand is the friend who walks us along so fast that all the small boys in town follow to see where the fire is.

We've always wondered why these House Eccers have such a lean future look, and then we found out that they eat their own produce.

We know now why engineers get good dance programs—you have to be an advanced mathematician to get those dances straightened out.

There's an enterprising Freshman who is going to cut the Tuck air into cubes, preserve it and sell it for canned heat.

He may be a big moment to some, but he's a long dreary hour to us. A Med's pedal extremities are our idea of two feet to a yard.

Meow! meow!

LOVE IN THE ROUGH

By Balmby Bob

The loveliness of the evening was of the sort that makes one's heart ache in an attempt to appreciate it. A pale, lofty, crescent moon floated in and out among opalescent clouds. It seemed indeed a fairy bark riding on a sea of white-caps.

Side by side we walked through the still, autumn forest. Dead leaves crunched and crackled beneath our feet. The fragrance of the dank rich soil mingled with the pungent odor of the pine needles, and sent our senses reeling like heady wine.

About us, all was silent save for the noises of the little forest dwellers. Now and again a squirrel scampered across our path, or the wings of a night bird whistled in the still air.

We walked for hours without speak-

FISH FUR

By the Kanteloupe Kid

Take that last House Dance—and incidentally as far as I'm concerned you can have all the rest of them, tied with pink ribbon, without creating any display of anguish on my part. But on with the story. What struck you most forcibly at the aforementioned affair? I might have expected that, but I'm quite positive that big burly Sask. man with the beard hit you much harder.

Anyway, the thing that most outraged my sense of the fitness of things was the action of the stags, or should they be labelled non-combatants. Why in Satan's planet should twenty discarded males appropriate one-third of an already over-populated battle field? The balcony on my right, ladies and gentlemen, was originally installed for the purpose of accommodating spectators at various forms of gladiatorial combat. It has apparently fallen into disuse during the current session on account of the perambulating tendencies of collegiate gigolos. Probably the height of said balcony would prove distressing to some of our rejected malefactors and to this must be added the handicap of poor visibility due to a combined haze of smoke and steam. However, if the higher-minded members of the clan could be prevailed upon to abdicate their homesteading rights on the dance floor and seek the elevated grand stand, the horrible situation might be relieved somewhat.

Such an arrangement is far from a panacea, and here's a remedy I overheard Saturday night while searching for my soul mate amidst the assembled multitude.

"The House Dance Plan"

Copyrighted

Hand each gentleman ten tickets when he produces the price of admission. Ladies may enter the arena unchallenged, but before any of the stronger sex are permitted to demonstrate their pedal powers, they must sacrifice one of their tickets at the entry on the first landing. At the end of each struggle all gentlemen must leave the battleground to gain readmission by ticket only.

Think of the possibilities of such a creation! The dances would be more evenly distributed among the men, since there would be fourteen dances and only ten tickets; even the most attractive personalities would warm the bench four times during an evening, and give their less fortunate brothers a break. The stag line would be removed from the dance floor to the balcony, and during the tags those brave enough to risk a full ticket for half a dance would be herded together in the centre of the floor. Simple, isn't it?

I have made arrangements with the originator of this House Dance Plan on a royalty basis. He gets the royal credit and sacrifices the royal cash. I am also an agent for a firm of dance ticket purveyors, and the senior members of the Faculty of Law have agreed to act in their best manner to the accompaniment of profound and prodigious legal terminology.

ing a word—both of us awed by the beauty of the experience. I was conscious—oh, terribly conscious—of the nearness of my companion as she walked there by my side. Sometimes our shoulders touched as we came to a narrow bit of path. I could feel the quiver of her flesh beneath her coat. I was more deeply moved by the contact than she. But I dared not be too hasty or impetuous; she possessed such a gentle, timid nature.

At last we came to the river's edge. A dark cloud blotted out the moon. The river rolled on before us like some huge menacing serpent. I felt her tremble, and protectively drew my arm about her shoulders. The trembling ceased. The moon came out silver and serene. The river became menacing no longer. Gentle waves lapped at the pebbles at our feet. Gently, very gently, I placed my cheek against her smooth face, and with my hand pushed back a rebellious black lock from her brow. For a minute she suffered herself to remain thus in my embrace.

"Sally, my darling, I love you," I whispered. She lowered her head in true feminine modesty, and then—a primitive instinct, with which Mother Nature has endowed us all, became too strong for her. With eager lips she drank deeply—from the river at our feet. Good old Sally, my faithful, beloved bay mare!

ogy when the boy friend forgets to save his ticket for the fourteenth dance.

It was probably Dorothy Dix who stated that a man earning \$100 a month should look his best on all occasions. Disregarding all facial drawbacks, this brings up the subject of wearing apparel. One hundred a month for seven months is \$700. Try it yourself. But how is a collegian going to outdress his overtown rivals with a net income of minus \$150-\$1000 for the same seven months?

Kleider Machen Leute may be platitudinous, but in a case like this man will have to start making clothes. The Gateway fashionette suggests knitting a sweater, but personally I'd just as soon mould a jacket from that asbestos soup they serve in chem labs.

This latter statement reveals the ultimate solution—chemistry. Why can't some of our local test-tube and retort welders evolve a textile synthesized from the waste on the University farm, discarded teeth from the clinic, or the filaments produced at Jack Crawford's each time the ladies change their minds on the long hair question. The more I delve into the matter the deeper it becomes, which is quite logical.

Who is to judge the when and how in this gentle art of taking upon oneself the most attractive appearance possible? We are. Just cast your brain cells over this. Discarded material could be readily converted into a characteristic collegiate costume almost without cost. Hence a challenge is issued to the residents of the Med Building west to save the male population from complete rout at the hands of their wealthy opponents from overtown.

The Gateway poet condemns the denuding action of the wind upon the trees. The law of gravity allegedly owes its origin to a truant apple. Here's how a famous apple grower has summarized the above situation:

Apples.
They're pomes
De trees,
Before the breeze.
And pomes
De terre
Right after.

I can't write blank verse, but one of my contemporaries rushed to my assistance with the following effusion. Take it or leave it. I did.

On Eugenie Hats

Some people
Don't like these new
Hats.
Once upon a time I
Was like that. But
I've changed.
Really, the things have amazing
Possibilities.
Have you been in a mansion
That belonged to
Somebody else,
And you couldn't locate
An ash tray? The modern maid
Removes her
Hat
And then the question's answered.
I once saw a hostess who
Received too many bouquets
Of flowers. She was short
Of vases. But not
Of Eugenie. Her new
Hat
Solved the difficulty, and
No one knew
That it wasn't a
Flower pot.
But at that,
Their best use is as a
Hat.
There isn't any right
Or wrong
Way to wear them.
Hence one can never be
Embarrassed by the
Discovery that one's
Hat
Is upside down. Who
Can tell?
Besides if you
Sit on it. The only
Effect is an increase
In the pitch
Of the feather
On the
Hat.
By now you must be
Convinced. These new
Hats
Are keen. Aren't they?

F.S. and B.S.

If we hadn't been there in person, we would have been tempted to say that our informant was stringing us when he told us what had happened to the Pharmaceut team in Monday's game. Three in a row, it looks like winning has become a habit with the engineers in the line of interfaculty rugby. Nice going for the boys.

It never occurred to us before that our amiable dean was rather a student of history as she happens. His choice of topic for the address which he gave the Engineers last Wednesday was in keeping with the times, and proved of good interest to the hearers. And as for those interesting times that he speaks of, well some of us are inclined to think that we ourselves will meet with just such before Christmas wreathes our heads in holly.

Now, we were not surprised when Professor Morrison spoke on concrete. His interests have always been in the construction game, and he in no wise overestimates the part that concrete is, and will be, playing in the building world.

It has gone forth that Hugh Beach, one of the two white men who made Gleichen possible, will address the next meeting on "Astronomy." It is a well known fact that Mr. Beach has had some wonderful experiences underneath the stars, and the best of his adventures are yet to be printed—provided, of course, that he can find a publisher. His interest in things celestial began with the Milky

TO BOOT OR
NOT TO BOOT

By P.

To begin with I have never played rugby before. Visions of myself as the typical college football hero came, dazzled me and vanished, leaving me determined to carve my niche in fame some other way.

One day when I was crossing the campus I saw a bunch of fellows at rugby practise. The old urge came back—I gathered the pass in out of the air, I dodged, I twisted, I saw the touch line, heard the grandstands roar. I was a hero—and it had all been so simple.

With supreme confidence I explained the situation to the coach and took my place among the others. All was well so far, but then the trouble began.

Uniform Handicap

Probably the greatest single handicap a rugby player has to overcome is his uniform. The helmet is obviously designed to give the maximum of protection (mine protected me from the back of my neck around to the bridge of my nose, including my eyes). When I got the pads on, my head stuck out of my shoulders like a sore thumb; however, they really were of some help. The pants were all right except that they fitted too tight under the arms. I pulled them in good and snug around the waistband; when I commenced to run the excess padding on top belled out like an inverted umbrella, and the wind resistance almost overcame me. Below the knee I developed spavins where they chaffed my knee whenever I moved. (However, a rugby player must not speak of such things). In the boots comfort has again been sacrificed to utility. My feet had to slide the entire inside length before I could come to a stop. The non-skid, caterpillar tread on the soles will create a lasting impression on anybody's face.

Coach Difficulty

Sometimes the coach offers a distinct difficulty to the aspiring rugby player. However, he will generally be quite sympathetic if properly approached. The customary weather for rugby is either a drizzling rain or a howling wind; if it happens to be moderately hot, then it is far too hot. As far as the game itself is concerned, the object is still unknown, but the Federal government of the United States has appointed a committee to look into it and submit a report (Bittersham Report). The officials required are an accountant and two assistants to keep score. A judge of play, who cheats one side and then the other; a head linesman, who watches to see what the judge is going to do and then motions him to do it; and a cheer leader, who dances and shouts when everyone wants to watch the game, and who watches the game when everyone wants to shout.

The player himself knows nothing of all this. He is immersed in an impenetrable fog, at least I was. My hat (helmet) fell over my eyes when I got down in the line, and I probably would still have been there if someone hadn't touched me on the shoulder and whispered, "Come along now, son, the boys will be going on without you."

By some inexcusable error I was left alone on one side of the field. The opposition realized the opportunity. I saw him coming in time to remember that I was supposed to get him as near the ankles as possible, but he was going so fast that they were up around his neck most of the time. I considered the problem as long as I dared, and then let him have my arms, legs and body square in the pit of his stomach. I stopped him dead, at least they thought he was dead for fifteen minutes.

I had one golden opportunity to be a hero, but at that moment I had stopped to pull up my socks, and lost it. That's the way with life though, isn't it?

I suppose I'll always be one of rugby's parlor heroes, but I don't really mind—I get a grand kick out of the game, anyway.

Did You See—?

'Bea Bell satisfying her curiosity as to the status of Tuck Shop food.

Jock Cameron wondering what it's all about.

Ivydore Hlynka taking two teaspoons before meals.

Ralph Collins with his Menjouesque moustache.

Anita Gordon starting a beauty parade at Elk Island Park.

Margaret Dickson beaming benevolently.

Butch Glasgow enjoying a spell of high spirits.

Mary Bell in a raincoat that would give a chameleon heart failure.

Grace Welch bowling in a very ladylike way.

Edith Moorehouse appearing prim, proper and pleasant.

A pansy-like Mortarboard Hat schooling across the campus in blissful ignorance of brutish Western custom.

Bill Laantz inspecting and judging fair females in the halls of knowledge.

Marg MacDonald, our idea of flaming youth.

Alf McLean showing some new dance steps at King's the other night.

One-Yard Morgan calling off a football practice because it was too cold.

Way, and at the present stage of the game is very close to moonshine. Personally, he was instrumental in buying a new handle for the Big Dipper, and internationalizing the Pole star so we could use it in Canada. His services as instructor in Survey School last spring will never be forgotten.

The Mining and Geological Society will hold a meeting this coming Friday. Dr. Cameron will speak on the work of the Research Council of Alberta, and not on Great Bear Lake, as was first announced.

THEATRE REVIEWS

Where to Go

Showing Now:
"Road to Singapore," Strand.
"A Dangerous Affair," Rialto.
"My Sin," Capitol.
"Politics," Princess.

Starting Saturday, Oct. 24:
"Caught Plastered," Strand.
"Five Star Final," Capitol.

Starting Monday, Oct. 26:
"Good Bad Girl," Rialto.
"The Public Defender," Princess.

Starting Wednesday, Oct. 28:
"Waterloo Bridge," Capitol.

"Politics," showing at the Princess Theatre today and Saturday, is an extremely good farce, bringing us the stars of "Caught-Short," and many other popular productions. Marie Dressler, aided by Polly Moran, romps through the usual number of comical situations and provides plenty of laughs. The picture presents us Marie as a candidate for the mayoralty of her city, with the agile Polly as her campaign manager. She harangues the woman's vote, conducts torchlight parades, handles political rallies, and even calls out the women of the town on a strike against their husbands for the sake of civic purity.

Having been treated to every other comedy in moviedom in the last two weeks, it was only fit that Wheeler and Woolsey would also put in an appearance. They do this at the Strand Theatre starting Saturday in their newest play entitled "Caught Plastered." The action is laid in a middle western town, with the two this time foiling a small-time crook. It would seem that these two are always foiling somebody. They are again supported by Dorothy Lee, and when these three get together, no matter what the plot is, the show will be good.

"Five Star Final," showing at the Capitol Theatre starting Saturday, is a newspaper picture portraying the characteristic "Yellow Journal" of today and the lengths to which they will go to get news. It was written by an ex-newspaper man, and the story concerns itself with the havoc wrought in a respectable family when a scandal sheet reveals a long buried skeleton in the closet—causing the suicide of the parents of a young girl and ruining her chances of future happiness. Edward G. Robinson plays the part of the editor who works on the policy of "news at all cost," and plays it to perfection.

"The Good Bad Girl," showing at the Rialto Theatre starting Monday is the story of a girl who is mixed up

THE HOMESTEADER

Co-equal with the giants, for he knows not
From whence his birth—
Accepting as his brothers all men
Of the vast earth—

Winning his bread by sweat and strategy
Pitted against high odds—
Come wind, come hail, come frost, he laughs
For he is of the gods.

Reckoning not too deeply of tomorrow's worries
And nothing of the past—
Today's work done, and well done, so that
It may abide and last.

Going his way unfearing man or nature,
Proud of his strength—
Confident of his every venture,
trying,
Till he succeed at length.

Victor within his circle of desires and doings
Willing to give his best—
Laughing, because the earth is a good comrade
And is his final rest. —O. R. W.

in gangland and is unable to get out. She attempts to do this by marrying a son of one of the well-to-do families of the city, and trouble follows when they find out her real identity. Mae Clarke plays the leading role, supported by Robert Ellis and James Hall.

"The Public Defender," showing at the Princess Theatre Monday and Tuesday, is the story of a man of deep mystery, a public avenger, sworn to do right at all cost. Richard Dix plays his usual part of the fighting romantic man of ideals. He is a sort of modern Robin Hood, loved by the people as a whole, but hated by the police and the underworld. Dix portrays these parts well.

"Waterloo Bridge," a dramatization of the loves and despair which this great London bridge has seen. The story of a young couple in war time, madly in love; the man, the personification of innocence, and the girl somewhat worldly. The story ends as it began, on Waterloo Bridge, which is a fitting ending for such a play, bringing the only happy ending for such a hopeless love.

As well as feature pictures the Rialto Theatre is offering a half-hour of orchestral entertainment every night at 8:30 o'clock. This is the first return to music other than "canned," and we hope that we may get more of it.

"Adolph, give me some money for an evening dress."
"Where's the one you had."
"A moth ate it."

"The Yanks are Coming," sang the courageous victim as he entered the dentist's office.

Professor: "There are two sides to everything."
Student: "You haven't seen the new one-piece bathing suits have you, professor?"

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"THE PUBLIC DEFENDER"

The mighty star of "Cimarron" in an electrifying, courageous drama of Today—

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SPORTS



ARTS DEFEAT MEDS IN BRILLIANT GAME

"Skiv" Edwards, Jackson, Cooper and Huckvale Star in Fray

The Arts-Ag-Com-Law aggregation made a much better showing in last night's game than against the Science squad, and should give the Engineers a real run for the championship.

"Skiv" Edwards, Chris Jackson and "Red" Cooper starred for the winners, while Huckvale and Moe turned in a creditable performance for the sawbones' outfit.

In the first quarter Edwards threw a pretty forward to Rammelson, who raced for a 35 yard gain and put Arts in a scoring position. "Skiv" Edwards put the Arts crew in front with a try. Arts 6, Meds 0.

Later Newby intercepted a pass and made a 30 yard run, after which Huckvale kicked for a rouge. Kipp fumbled and recovered, and the Arts forced their way up the field by fine plunging and running. "Skiv" passed a long forward to Kipp for a substantial 30 yard gain, and the ball rested on the Meds 5 yard line.

Beginning the second quarter in this position, Chris Jackson scored a try on an end run, which was converted, to put Arts up 12-1. The remainder of the quarter went scoreless.

In the third quarter Jackson and McNeill made substantial gains, and Arts attempted a placement kick, which failed, and Meds recovered.

Moe made a nice plunge for 15 yards. A fumble by Edwards on Arts 45 yard line gave Meds possession and Moe again plunged for yards.

Huckvale kicked to Copoer, who passed to Jackson. Jackson was rouged, to boost the Med score by 1 point.

In the last quarter Cooper made a nice gain of 15 yards. Huckvale took Jackson's long kick and ran it for 20 yards. At the close of the game Jackson and Edwards made nice gains in a valiant attempt to score. It was a fine game, and a close struggle is anticipated between the Arts and Sci aggregations.

The lineups:
Arts: Centre, Dunlap; insides, Hargrave, McNeil; middles, Teviotdale, Putnam; ends, Rammelson, Wright; quarter, Cooper; halves, Edwards, Jackson; flying wings, McLennan, Kipp; subs, Preston, Kostash, Bowker, Cruikshank, Sayers, Rose, Crosby, Smith.

Meds: Centre, McGill; insides, Coffin, Dumont; middles, Moe, Gale; ends, Newby, Elliot; quarter, Huckvale; halves, Holmes, Anderson; flying wings, Jespersion, Crawford; subs, Steve, Aiello, Clark, Wheeler, Fish.

ESKIMO JUNIORS DEFEAT VARSITY TO TAKE TITLE

Varsity Makes Desperate Bid to Win—Richard and Wilson Star

In the Varsity Stadium Saturday afternoon, Alberta's hopes of the Northern Alberta championship were blasted when the Eskimo Juniors swamped them to the tune of 12-1.

The Eks presented a much different impression than in their previous showing, and their line was impervious to all Alberta's assaults.

Richard, Wilson and Martin assailed the Eks with a barrage of plunges, while many holes in Varsity's line were not plugged as the opposition barged their way through. The efforts of Dolighan, McCallum and McNally were effective in line plunges and runs, and their line was airtight to cover operations behind.

McGillivray, husky lineman, was a real defensive strength, and ripped gaping holes in our line. Dolighan handled his men well, directing his plays in heady fashion and getting his punts away in grand style. But there remains a side of the story untold.

Why, where were the Varsity players? They were there, mister, and believe me they gave an account of themselves, and we're proud of them in defeat. Richard, Morton, Wilson, Balfour and Kramer were most effective and did much to check the Eskimo onslaught. McCallum and McNally plunged and ran faultlessly for substantial gains. Frank Richard was slow getting away, but when the blond sprinter finally got going, Wilson sent him on many foraging expeditions into enemy territory.

McIntyre, a newcomer, showed up brilliantly, and his steady all-round play more than repaid his unfortunate fumble which gave the Eks a touchdown near the end of the second quarter.

Art Kramer was also a big threat for Alberta, and his tackling and end runs were a pleasure to watch.

Eks Score First
The first quarter saw even playing

Legion Comes From Behind To Even in Soccer Final

Varsity and Legion Play a Draw Game in Cup Final—Legion Evens Score in Last Four Minutes

Despite other attractions a fair-sized crowd gathered in Diamond Park on Saturday to see the Dragon Cup final between Varsity and the Legion. Both teams fielded their best men, and put a hard battle that ended in a 1-1 draw, when the Legion forwards scored in the last four minutes. No goal was scored until well on in the second half.

The Legion won the toss and elected to face the sun. Right from the start they pressed the Varsity goal. The Green and Gold boys were equal to the attack and cleared nicely. Graham made some very nice saves, while Donaldson and Hamilton put up a fine defence. Donaldson was out of the game for a few minutes when he ripped the sole off his shoe.

In the second half Varsity faced the blinding sun. The Legion, with a changed line-up, went for Graham's net full tilt. The halves and backs cleared as well as they could, but the opposing forwards were exceedingly tricky. Most of their players were too heavy to shoulder out of the way, so quite a few shots went towards the goal. A great many shots went wild, but there were some close shots from corners that made Graham work.

At one time he saved a shot so closely followed up that he was bowled over with two or three forwards on top.

Once more Varsity went up field, kicked to the deadline for a lone on both sides, and finally Dolighan point. In the second quarter the Eks forged ahead by dint of superior kicking and running, and were at a fumble. Play progressed down

forded many opportunities on collegial field towards Alberta's ten yard line, and when Morton unfortunately failed to get his kick away on the third down and Reg Rault recovered for the blubber-eaters on the eight yard scratch. Here Dolighan faked an end run and plunged through U. of A. line for a try. It was not converted.

At this point the Eks forged farther ahead, and when McIntyre fumbled Dolighan's kick behind his line, Graham grabbed it for a touchdown. It was not converted.

Varsity revived and came back strong in the last half, and the Eks failed to register heavily. Morton kicked to the deadline for Alberta's lone counter, and later on Dolighan again kicked to the deadline for the final tally.

Lineups:
Eks: Snap, Rault; insides, Rae, Grossman; middles, McGillivray, Ades; ends, W. Graham, Rimstead; quarter, Dolighan; halves, McCallum, M. Graham, McNally; flying wing, Hutton; subs, McKeever, McLean, Robinson, Wynn, Bard, Pfimmer.

Varsity: Manning; Morton, Balfour, Pierson; Carlyle, Kramer, McElroy, Chown, Wilson, Trot, Riley, Richard, Procter, Kellick, Homulos, Black, McIntyre, Robertson, Berry, MacDonald.

Referee: Moe Lieberman; judge of play, Bill Broadfoot; head linesman, Jimmy Enright.

the local paper, is well worth supporting. So let us see you at the next game.

The lineups:
Legion: Goalkeepers, Mann; right fullback, Hoyle; left fullback, Holmes; right fullback, Marsden; centre halfback, Ditchburn; left halfback, Lidgett; outside right, Pugh; inside right, Smith; centre forward, Johnson; inside left, McLean; outside left, Hunter.

Varsity: Goalkeeper, Graham; right fullback, Hamilton; left fullback, Donaldson; right halfback, McConnell; centre halfback, Convey; left halfback, Brown; outside right, Ritchie; inside right, Turner; centre forward, Gaudin; inside left, Howells; outside left, Woznow.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT A GREAT SUCCESS

This year's tennis tournament has been marked by the brilliant talent that it has brought out. In all the competitions the tennis played has been of a very high order. There is a rumour about that Saskatchewan may be here this week-end for a tournament. If such be the case, they will be assured of a hot welcome, as we have a particularly strong team this year.

Badner and Nash Win

Perhaps the most interesting play of the tournament was in the mixed doubles. The Badner-Nash combination won their way through to the semi-finals by defeating Fred Davies and Priscilla Hammond 3-6, 6-2, 6-1. In the other half, Bill Roxburgh and Helen Mahaffey downed Mert Keel and Kay Donaldson in two close sets, 7-5, 8-6. In the finals Badner and Nash took two straight sets 6-2, 6-4 from Roxburgh and Mahaffey to win the event.

Mahaffey Singles Champion

Helen Mahaffey defeated Kay Nash to win her way into the finals of the women's singles. She won out over Priscilla Hammond in the finals by the score of 6-1, 6-1, Miss Hammond being below her usual good form. The score hardly indicates the high quality of play in the above sets. Priscilla, playing her usual fine base-line drives, made the games go the limit, but fell before the consistent game and added tournament experience of Helen.

Keel Wins Men's Singles

Mert Keel, Lethbridge racquet star, won the men's singles from a strong field. In the semi-finals he won from Anderson in straight sets. In the other bracket Fred Davies qualified to meet Keel in the final by downing Drummond. The final games were marked by two totally different styles was.

PECK LEADS FIELD TO COP KERR CUP

Last Saturday saw the staging of the first cross-country race for the Kerr Cup, which has been so kindly donated for this event by Dean W. A. R. Kerr. The race was started at 2:37 during half-time of the Junior rugby game. There were five starters for the opening race of the cross-country classic, namely: Oswald Peck, Jaslin, Padwick, Rands and French. Peck led from the start as they went around the track and out of the grid for the long grind. Twenty-eight minutes later Peck entered the grid, still in the lead. He went around the track twice to finish one lap ahead of Joslin, who was a good second. Rands entered the grid third with Padwick some 200 yards behind him. Padwick staged a thrilling finish when he sprinted the last quarter-mile in a desperate attempt to pass Rands. It was a noble effort, but he failed by ten yards.

This was the first time the race has been run, and it was a decided success. We hope that this year's enthusiasm will always attend the running of this race.

of play. Keel played a net game, depending on his height and accuracy to win, while Davies played a more cautious game, playing the base-line with his hard, deep drives. Keel won out in a hard-fought battle by the scores of 2-6, 6-4, 8-6 and 6-4.

Hammond and Mahaffey Win

Priscilla Hammond and Helen Mahaffey had little difficulty in winning out in the women's doubles. They won handily from Fry and Greenlee to enter the final bracket. In the other half, Dobson and Cogswell defeated Massey and Schurer to qualify to meet Mahaffey and Hammond in the finals. The final games were not marked by brilliant tennis, Hammond and Mahaffey not being extended in defeating their opponents 6-0, 6-0.

Men's Doubles Not Finished

Keel and Davies won their way into the finals by a fine victory over Quehl and Nicol. Aiello and Holz entered the other bracket by defeating Watts and Badner in a thrilling game. Keel and Davies are due to tangle with Aiello and Holz today in the finals.

The tournament this year was outstanding due to the enthusiasm of the players, and to the very efficient management. Many thanks are extended to Jack Badner and Kay Nash, presidents of men's and women's tennis respectively, for the work and spirit they put forth to make the tournament the decided success it was.

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SPORTING SLANT S

By C.J.J.
Congratulations, Saskatchewan! You were well worth your win. After some of the displays we've seen lately it was a change to see a clean, hard-hitting team.

About the cheering: Did you ever hear anything so futile or pathetic? There were about four men on the Varsity squad who did all the work, but apparently they weren't worthy of a cheer or two. Then, of course, as soon as it is evident that we are going to lose, the crowd jumps up and departs.

Harold Richard played a nice game, and it's certainly a tough break to have injured his back. Here's hoping it will get well in a hurry.

Al Hall, Wilf Hutton, Mickey Timothy and Larry Smith certainly played a great game, and it is largely due to them that the score wasn't a little more lopsided. That last touch was a heart-breaker, but it's all in the breaks.

Can that boy Dempster hoist a mean spiral? Although our boys hurried him once or twice so he only kicked about fifty or sixty yards. Pete Graham hit that line like a steam-roller, while Mickey McAdam showed some classy broken field running.

Can Mickey Timothy still run—boy! It reminded us of a few years ago. Well, maybe we'll have another championship team soon—however, win or lose, we're still behind you. Even though the crowd doesn't seem to be.

Tough luck, Juniors. You seem to have had an off-day. Richard and Chown played a nice game. Don Wilson and Kramer lived up to their reputations. Better luck next year, and here's hoping the Eskimos trounce Calgary.

UNIVERSITY GOLF

(From Edmonton Journal)
The University of Alberta golf championship became the official property of J. H. Shipley when he emerged victor over V. Gowan in the finals last week in a match played over the Municipal course.

The titleholder demonstrated his class in the semi-final encounter the day before by trouncing Don McKenzie by the decisive score of 8 and 7, incidentally carding a par 36 for the first nine holes. In the other bracket of Sunday's draw Gowan earned his way into the final by overcoming M. McLung 5 and 4.

This makes the first occasion that the university has sponsored such a competition which will henceforth be an annual event. Additional flights will be added and awards given out by a system similar to that pursued by other sports on the campus.

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ANOTHER COLUMN

Introducing National Panning Week—We comment upon two phases of a rugby game and discover that racial discrimination extends north of the Mason and Dixon Line

By L.L.A.

As we write these lines we are consumed by an acute feeling of bitterness, so we would ask our public not to be surprised at anything we may have to say. Perhaps it is our rheumatics which are always bad about this time of year—or then, again, perhaps it isn't.

We have never aspired to be a sports writer, and can profess to know next to nothing about the technicalities or etiquette of sport; however, by some turn of irony the major part of our work for this week has to deal with certain little sidelights concerning the double-header rugby game which was held at the Varsity Grid last Saturday. The first little rap is for the spectators.

There has been a good deal said in the columns of The Gateway about various forms of sportsmanship, in fact, it is a sort of hardy perennial which flourishes under cover for the greater part of the year and bursts into gaudy flower at irregular intervals throughout the term. Chief among these outbursts are those concerning the spectators, who apparently about five or ten minutes before the close of the game find themselves confronted with an urgent appointment somewhere and so proceed to scramble out of their seats to the great annoyance of those who have an inextinguishable but deep-rooted desire to see the finish of the game. This tendency to leave before the end of the game has been particularly noticeable when the home team is losing, and is therefore not only an exhibition of shockingly bad taste, but a remarkably poor exhibition of sportsmanship as well. In the game between the University of Alberta and the University of Saskatchewan last Saturday this was particularly in evidence, inasmuch as the exodus commenced about twenty minutes before the close of the game and grew to such proportions that about three or four minutes before the final whistle one end of the field was completely jammed with spectators making for the gate. We would like to point out that not only was this one of the worst exhibitions of perfectly rotten sportsmanship that we have ever witnessed, but that it also constitutes a serious breach of the rules of rugby, which prohibits spectators crossing the sidelines while a game is in progress. The visiting team would have been perfectly justified, as would the home team for that matter, in refusing to play until the field had been cleared. There were a large number of overtown spectators in the crowd, and we would like to believe that they were chiefly responsible for this breach of courtesy, but we fear that such was not the case. Someone was heard to remark that probably the spectators were tired from sitting in the stand through two games. We can only comment that they knew perfectly

well that two games were to be played and should have been prepared, and that in any case a few minutes more would not have hurt them. There probably would have been a different story to tell if the home team had been on the winning side in the closing moments of the game.

And now another, this time for the authorities in charge of certain arrangements at the Stadium prior to the game.

The University's much-heralded public-address system was a total flop, even the most biased person could hardly comment on it in any other way, and in any case it certainly did not sound like four hundred dollars' worth of noise. It had been rumoured that the sound of the loud-speakers would carry for two miles, but as one spectator put it, "The only way the sound of those loud-speakers would carry two miles would be if they were put on a truck and driven around." From a musical point of view the programme was wonderful, the Spectators (or audience) in the bleachers were regaled from time to time with a series of musical howls and whistles, due to the amplifier units of the system being overloaded. For this dismal failure of a feature of our Stadium which had been widely featured in the city newspapers, and which had doubtless led to the public to expect something really worth while, we feel we can blame not so much the unfortunate person who is supposed to be installing the system, but the University committee which was supposed to pass upon the awarding of the contract. With the usual promptitude of committees it sat around and argued, and changed the terms of the contract at a time approximately two weeks after the time the contract was supposed to be awarded. This of course left the unfortunate person securing the contract absolutely "in the lurch" when it came to ordering certain equipment which was necessary for the installation of the system. The result was quite plain to everyone who was present at the Stadium last week. Sometimes we don't wonder that the overtown people think as little of us as they do.

Another cherished illusion concerning our native land, and more particularly concerning our native town, has gone the way of all good things. We have always cherished a sort of sneaking hope (if one may be permitted to use such an expression) that in spite of such trials as crooked politicians, communist-baiting, Rotarian ballyhoo, bus lines and what not, at least our country possessed one redeeming feature, a certain degree of racial tolerance. However, this last illusion has been completely shattered since the recent visit of the colored tenor, Roland Hayes, to this city.

Mr. Hayes is in every way a perfect gentleman, a great artist and a remarkable personality. Born of slave parents on a Georgia plantation he has, since his rise to eminence as a singer, purchased a large tract of land in that state upon which he has established a model farm, in an effort to improve the conditions of the members of his own race, many of whom live in very wretched circumstances. Unassisted he has to a great extent planned and developed this project, thus showing himself a man of unusual inventive and administrative ability as well as of great artistic talent.

It appears that Mr. Hayes arrived in Edmonton ahead of the date scheduled for his arrival, and that in consequence no arrangements had been made for his hotel accommodation here. Proceeding with his local representative to a prominent Edmonton hotel Mr. Hayes asked for a room. The management made considerable trouble about this, but finally consented to put up with him provided that he made himself as unobtrusive as possible, one of the conditions being, we understand, that he was forbidden to enter the hotel dining-room.

This, then, was the treatment accorded one of the continent's most distinguished artists upon his arrival in Edmonton. Of course Edmonton, being a centre of culture and light of no little importance, can afford to act this way whenever it wishes. Furthermore, we do not wish to emphasize the fact that Mr. Hayes should have been differently treated simply because he happens to be a more or less distinguished personage, any colored person who conducts himself as

IT'S THAT WAY—KEEP YOUR STEPINS

It's fun no end to tat your own raincoat. Tatting has been found to be much more snug and form-fitting than crocheting. And it's so easy to develop a style, and individuality that any fool can copy. We saw the darlingest gingham jacket on the campus the other day—trimmed with perfectly adorable white vermine and little pink parasites—so chic! We particularly admired the jaunty little stand-up peplum collar which was a feature of this so smart creation.

A surge of manly admiration rises in every manly breast that gets a chance to see these ravishing double-breasted pajamas, fashioned revealingly of Robin Hood green serge. Modelled by Petyou of oh-so-dam-gay Paris, this modernistic note strikes a daring comparison between the modern exposing trend and the nocturnal garments of a decade ago.

Featured by that artiste of artistes, Zane Grey, comes an alluring facial, "The Vanishing American Cream," guaranteed to make a woman as exotic as the Nile, and so exotically exotic that she should have no difficulty in an NIL Eating her man after one lesson. This cream is also known by the trade name of the "Royal Mounted." It gets its man! Its method of application is as simple as it is attractive. Throw three jars (jars, mind you, not severe jolts) into a bucket, add four tablespoons of coffee, one bottle of Ketchup, and a dash of Poison Ivy extract. Stir well with a pole (not a person of Scandinavian extraction), throw the pole away and jump into the mixture head first. You will find that this creamy preparation will stay on for hours and days, and even weeks. (Just try and get it off.) The results are subtle and far-reaching, rendering your services smooth and attractive.

"Have you seen the lovely new plaid bloomers modelled so attractively on this campus by Bill Procter? What, no? We have found that his special ones (worn only to openings of Parliament) are accorded pleated, and according to authorities, are quite "de rigueur," "comme il faut," "pomme de terre," or what have you. These promisingly popular panties have been acclaimed as poems in themselves, and are modelled after those worn by L'Empereur Eugene Field (the gay old roué), who flaunted his before the crowned heads of Europe half a century ago.

—QUILL AND SCROLL.

well as an ordinary white guest in the hotel (and it would not have to be very well at that) should unquestionably be allowed admittance.

The treatment accorded Mr. Hayes at our leading hotel is one of the worst blots upon our civic and our national pride that we have had to suffer for a long time, and we can at present think of no terms sufficiently strong in which to comment upon the action of the hotel management in this matter. On second thought, however, we might excuse the hotel management to some extent. They may have been acting at the instigation of some of the citizens of Edmonton, who were afraid of being shown up by such a noted and distinguished gentleman as Mr. Hayes.

In conclusion, we would like to extend to Mr. Hayes our sincerest apologies (with which we are sure are linked the apologies of many of the citizens of Edmonton) for the disgraceful treatment which he was accorded in this city, and to hope that he will feel able to accept these apologies and return this way again in the near future.

WANDERINGS ON LINES

Few people realize the stupendous importance, variety, and what not, of lines. Consider the post office line when you have a 9:30 class near at hand and a letter from home at the wicket. Or think of the line at the Book Store. This is, perhaps, the most famous of all lines. The Departments of Physics and Mathematics have investigated this line, and have learned that its length varies directly as the number of students and the square of the number of books each one must purchase, and inversely as the cube root of the number of clerks. Some even suggest that this formula be multiplied by the length of time since the fall session opened.

In Math, we are told that lines are curves, but when motorists view them in this sense, accidents occur. And then there are lines known as bee-lines; such are usually followed by students on the way to an 8:30. Some people have lines, some have hot lines, and some have no lines at all. We sometimes draw the line between the former and the latter. And then there are lines of force and lines of action, and lines of march, and steamship lines, main lines and side lines, and other lines ad infinitum.

But the most awesome and dignified line ever beheld or upheld, or held together is a line of uninformed Freshmen tramping over the campus, shouting the lines of "Hip Hike."

—D. W. W.

The physical education department of the University of Nebraska has taken a stand against high heels—claimed to be the delight of "sweet sixteen."—McMaster Silhouette.

He paid the bill so often they began to take him for an after-dinner mint.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Professor C. A. Curtis and Mr. Grattan O'Leary have criticized Canadian economics, and Mr. Tom King has discussed developments in American politics.

The University of Cincinnati has built a "bumming room" for lazy students.

"Homo Medicans"

A frequent jibe in the so-called "college" magazines is that passed at the long-suffering medical student. One in particular was recently made in illustrated form by an artist whose college boy cartoons are a regular feature of a great American weekly. Fiendish ghoul of meds are depicted setting traps and snares for the unwary, which they carry away to gloomy, mysterious laboratories for their experiments. Some wheel "stiffs" or their component parts about in carts; others are busy in their curious prying of the human anatomy; others still are spreading arms, heads, livers, etc., about in the sun to dry. The whole was amusing, but rather revolting.

Probably the average person would see no flaw in the picture. It would likely agree with his own impressions of the student doctor in more ways than one. 'Tis sad. Are we, the future removers of their appendices, tonsils, etc., to be so maligned by them when we cannot retaliate?

The cartoon in question is as far from being truthful as zero is from infinity. The med student of today is a quiet unassuming sort of person, who plugs away in labs for seven or eight good years of his life, peering into microscopes, painstakingly pulling out to pieces and drawing minute structures of the body, and getting out of his wacky bed at ungodly hours to rush to unexpected clinical cases, all in order to better train himself to understand the structure, workings and repair of the ordinary mortal.

We are not high-brows. He may go about with a pre-occupied air, confiding his discoveries and discussing his work with his fellow medics in profound and high-sounding terms, but that is because the layman "doesn't speak his language." Since the rest of the world has rarely heard of a "pacchionian body" or of "osteogenic fibres," it claims the med is trying to be high hat, and retaliates with the quips and jokes such as mentioned above.

But let the rest of the world realize the med is a good fellow too, that he is the mainstay of many sports because of his long stay in university, and that he can unbend and throw aside his learning for a time like the rest, and it will better appreciate him.

Being a med myself I offered to take out the feature editor's appendix free of charge if he put this in, but he wouldn't accept my offer. Has he decided to accept after all?

W. ALLEN CONROY.

HE AND SHE

They entered the crowded elevator at the same time. It was the most crowded one he or she had ever been in. It contained more than the usual number of stout men as well as stout women. All she could see was the top of his blond head, which she, being blond herself, decided was the nicest head of hair she had seen since looking in the mirror that morning. All he could see was the approximate place where she was standing; but he had a most efficient imagination which decided for him that she certainly must be a very beautiful girl.

Everything considered, elevators are better than stairs.

The next day the lift held one less stout man. That made a great difference. Now she could see the upper part of his clear-cut profile, while he could view with satisfaction the graceful feather adorning her smart, new derby.

—In fact, I rather like elevators, don't you?

He looked in vain for the "graceful feather" for four days in succession. Maybe the alarm did not go off. Or perhaps she had been in an accident. Most likely of all, she had been called away by the illness of her—say, mother.

—To tell the truth, stairs do give one exercise.

Ah, at last her mother recovered. A little paler, with a new feather on a new hat, she entered the lift just before one of the stout ladies, who was compelled with great indignation to await another. This time he was given full opportunity to criticize her profile. Her nose was tilted the least little bit too high for a young lady who enjoyed daily trips in elevators, but this small default was practically overcome by an extremely well-formed forehead, very long eyelashes, a shapely mouth and a slightly determined chin—all the assets of the perfect profile.

—The light in elevators is sometimes very bright.

It was a rainy day. Nearly everyone was carrying, or attempting to carry, an umbrella. True, their brilliant colors—reds, greens, purples, scarlets, mauve (her's) and navy (his)—helped to brighten the dullness of the weather, but they were hardly useful and therefore decidedly undesirable in elevators. He, in the role of a gentleman, was the last to enter—that is, he was about to enter, when he was arrested by the chies of a child of about five or six years, who was running toward him, bearing in each chubby fist a large size rubber and shouting at the top of his childish voice:

"Daddy, daddy, you forgot your rubbers!"

A week passed by before they met again. This time the weather was distinctly summery, and she was dressed accordingly in a dainty, cool, little white dress. She was carrying a white hat and white gloves. Strangely, they were the only two in the elevator. Her left hand caressed the old worn wall. Then he saw it. "It" was only a plain gold band, but at that it seemed to be a very significant-looking ring.

The next day, the old lift was almost as crowded as ever. Again she saw his profile, which somehow did not seem as clear-cut as before. In fact, his bare head appeared to be losing a few hairs here and there. But then, the color of his hair did

Miscellanies And Miscellaneous

By F. P. Mac

Thomas Edison is dead. It had to be, of course. He was an old man over eighty. His recent illness had for some time prophesied his death. And so our mourning clothes were prepared.

And yet, why mourn? Thomas Edison died at the end of his life. He was able to look back over his eighty-four of his life, and say, "I have lived."

Few men can by their own genius and efforts, change the course of history and civilization. When it is done, it is usually by men with bloody swords in their hands. Alexander, Peter the Great, Napoleon, and a few others.

But Thomas Edison has done this—not to what extent we cannot yet estimate—not by taking from the world, but by giving to it. The electric light, the phonograph, a practical telephone, the microphone, the motion pictures—all these and more this one man gave to us. What a part of our lives they have become! Imagine ourselves without them!

Thomas Edison lived to see all that, to see his dreams become realities, and to know the homage and gratitude of mankind. Fame and appreciation have been his during his lifetime, which, being the best the world can offer in return, is as it should be. For unto few great men has this been granted.

And so Edison's life has been a success. He has lived. And when he came to die, as he must, for though a genius, he was a mortal, he passed quietly and easily, peacefully and contentedly.

So why mourn his death? Let us instead be thankful for his life.

My idea of a hard-luck story is that of the man who treated himself, while in New York, to a \$25 room at a big hotel, and then dreamt all night he was sleeping on a park bench.

It is no secret that British films are usually duds. Once bit, twice shy, and now most people avoid them, combine or no combine. However, every once in a while a dandy one comes along and gives us renewed hope and faith. Within the past few weeks I have seen two splendid British talkies that come joyfully under this category, as pictures to be enjoyed on their own merits. Note that both of them are from the studios of by far the best company in Elstree—The British International Pictures.

The first was "Murder," directed by Alfred Hitchcock, who also made that other clever talkie, "Blackmail." Hitchcock sure knows how to make his camera and mike create effects that are new and striking. Acting, directing, photography (for once!) were all good. Herbert Marshall, the star, is now in Hollywood, incidentally.

This week at the Rialto was "Young Woodley," made from the famous stage play by John Van Druten, which was such a success in London and in New York. You will find it in "The Best Plays of 1925-26." It caused sensation and protest in England by the frankness of its dialogue and its unidealized intimacy with English school life. The former has been toned down for movie purposes; as for the latter, if that is a typical English school, I'm glad I live in Alberta.

The author himself adapted his play to the screen, and made a good job of it. The story is a psychological study of boys who are "at the age, you know," and deals with the old story of the adolescent boy falling in love with an older woman.

The acting was all very good. And it is a pleasant change to see English

not blend well with his complexion anyway.

Friday morning arrived. She was wearing the same old hat with the same old feather. It did not really become her as well as one would think at first glance. And that nose was not only tilted, but could almost be called a pug.

Oh, for the good, old-fashioned stairs!

—T. B.

actors who are under thirty-seven, and good-looking. Here there are four. Frank Lawton (who, in profile, frequently reminds you of Ernie Ayre) gives an excellent performance in the difficult title-role. Madeleine Carroll, England's most popular screen actress, plays well the headmaster's young wife.

Of course, the picture suffered the usual British poor photography, and bad lighting, and terrible English accents. Oh, won't someone please tell the truth about English accents! Of the hundred or so varieties of it, one or two are beautiful. But the rest are exceedingly irritating and unpleasant. Give me a good old American (or Canadian—same thing) accent any day.

"Sportsmanship" is a word with bewildering vagueness of meanings. It seems to range all the way from accepting a drink to taking defeat with a smile. It is rather hard to know what is meant. However, I have a few ideas of my own on the subject.

For instance, I call it "poor sportsmanship" for a crowd of spectators to walk out in the midst of a game just because their team is quite evidently not going to win. It is hard enough on the players to know the same unhappy fact without having it rubbed in by their loyal fans, who turned from their so glib varsity-varsity-rah-rah-rah to rise and declare, in all but the actual words, "Aw, you guys are all wet! Let's go home."

On the other hand, I saw out on the field an example of what I would call "good sportsmanship." One of the senior players had made a terrible fumble, and lost thereby a play that might have meant much to us. As he was walking toward the rear, half sick with mortification—for, as I have said, it was a pretty bad blunder, and he of all players shouldn't have made it—I noticed another member of the team reach out and lay his hand on the fellow's shoulder as he passed—a gesture that plainly was saying, "Never mind, kid. We all make mistakes."

I may be wrong, but I consider that person a "good sport."

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Soph Candidates Campaign Keenly

Witty Speeches of Candidates for Office Enjoyed by Classmates on Monday Evening

On Monday evening an astounding percentage of the Sophomore Class—fully twenty or thirty persons—gathered in Room 236 Arts to hear just what the candidates for office in the class executive had to say for themselves. The meeting was presided over by A. D. Bierwagen, retiring president of Class '34, who appealed in his opening remarks to the class to reproduce some of the old election spirit of last fall.

The first speaker up, Mr. Hugh Arnold, made brief reference to the good work performed by last year's executive, of which he had been a member, and promised with great solemnity if elected to the office of president to do his utmost to emulate the good work of the preceding year and to add thereto. After making special reference to the several class functions and activities which the executive of the class is called upon to sponsor, he suggested that the business conducted at future meetings of that body be made public for the general satisfaction of those members of the class who are really interested in what is going on. Mr. Arnold made reference to the experience which he had had as a member of last year's executive and as chairman of the Initiation Committee.

The second candidate for the presidency, Mr. John A. Maxwell, was in direct contrast to the sublime gravity of his opponent inclined to be facetious, but made it a point nevertheless, between quips, to put across some very commendable ideas. He repeated the story of the success of the previous executive, on which he had been secretary-treasurer, and pointed out that the class activities of last year could be summed up under five heads, viz.: (1) Financial contributions to the Year Book for the insertion of the class write-ups and pictures, (2) the mid-winter class informal dance, (3) the Freshman Reception to Sophomores, and finally (4), the initiation of Class '35.

In closing, Mr. Maxwell promised to do his best if elected to carry on the traditions of the old executive and to carry out the 1931-32 programme with a bang. He astonished his audience with the frank assurance that he liked Sophomores almost as much as Sophettes.

EDMONTON LITTLE THEATRE

Membership in the Edmonton Little Theatre is now available to University students at half the regular rate, that is, at \$2.50 for the season. This fee admits a student to five plays to be given in the Empire Theatre, and to all the other privileges of membership, such as participation in play-making groups, the experimental theatre, play-production and acting. A block of seats in the first balcony is being reserved for students at this rate.

Mr. Geoffrey Bullock, representing the Little Theatre, will be in the basement of the Arts Building (near the bookstore) on Tuesday morning, October 27, from ten to one o'clock for the purpose of receiving membership fees and giving seats for the season. He is also available on Phone 23445 for appointment at any time.

Further information concerning the Little Theatre can be got from Professors Adam, Hardy, Jones, and S. Smith.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN
vs.
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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ESKIMOS DOWNED BY ALTOMAH TIGERS

Bengals Annex Provincial Rugby Championship by Virtue of Saturday's Win

In spite of the great rally staged in the last half of the game, Cliff Shuttleworth's Eskimos were downed by the hard-hitting Calgary Tigers in their tussle in Calgary last Saturday. By virtue of their win, the Tigers are now the provincial champions.

It must be said that the Bengals were favored by the so-called "breaks," as the Eskimos were without the services of three of their regulars, who were unable to make the trip, and "Dud" Manzi was hurt in the first minutes of play. The first point of the game went to the Tigers when Russ Gideon, their demon end, tackled Smith on one of Hall's punts for a rouge. At this point of the game Menzies was hurt, and Duggan and Harcourt were penalized. The Tigers took advantage of the weakened condition of the Eskimos and forced their way down to the Eskimo line. Gittus was responsible for the first score when he went over on a quarterback sneak. This was converted by Wares to make the score read 7-0 with the Bengals on the long end. Towards the end of the second quarter the Bengals scored again as Pilling caught a neat forward pass from Wares and then galloped 25 yards for a touchdown. This was not converted.

Eskis Couldn't Make It

After the breather, the Eskimos dug their toes into the old sod and took command of the play. Rule started the advance when he completed a forward pass thrown by Smith. Then a succession of bucks by Mathieson, Runge and Duggan brought them to within 2 yards of the Bengal line. Here Mathieson was given the ball on a buck and he went over for the first Eskimo score of the game. The Eskimos made the convert by completing a forward pass, Smith to Shandro. The Bengals were held to 2 points, Hall securing these for them on two kicks to the deadline. In the final quarter the Eskimos battled their hardest, but were only able to count for one point when Smith's attempted drop-kick rolled to the deadline.

Mathieson was the outstanding player on the field, either for the Eskimos or for Calgary. For the Eskimos Rule and Shandro, two young men, were very good, with William Runge and Duggan close behind. Ivan Smith was not up to his usual fine form on account of a severe "charley-horse." For the Bengals, Harrison, Holmes, Gittus and Pilling were the shining lights.

The teams lined up as follows:
Eskimos: Smith, Williamson, Mathieson, Runge, Duggan, Ritchie, Nelson, Harcourt, Menzies, Jones, Rule, Shandro, Dolighan, Kiefer, Poley, McKenzie and McKeever.
Tigers: Harrison, Johnson, Hall, Wares, Gittus, McDonald, Christie, Ellis, Holmes, Gerlitz, Pilling, Gideon, J. McConnell, M. McConnell, Cromarty, Nicol, McLean, McDowell and Scott.

AGS PUT OUT TO SEA FOR HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL SAIL

President Hargrave and Secretary Garrow Steer Club Out For Season of Activity

The agricultural Club is away to a good start for another season. Tuesday evening, Oct. 13th, the initial meeting was held, with a fair attendance, in St. Joseph's College. President Hargrave was in the chair, and Pat Garrow sunk to the ears behind a colossal minute book, steered the club out for another season of activity.

Several new officers were elected, including:
Hon. President: Dr. Thornton.
Discussion Group Leader: Art Wilson.
Rugby Manager: Dunc Hargrave.
Basketball Manager: Vi Wood.
Hockey: Bill Mead.
Freshman Rep.: Allan Murray.
Auditors: Bob Putnam and Bill Watson.
Gateway Correspondent: J. Eaglesham.

Dean Howes spoke briefly, in his ever-acceptable manner, of the development of our College of Agriculture here and of the tradition that has grown up with it as a challenge to present and future students.

Mr. Hennessey, of St. Joseph's College, and at one time a member of the famous "Dumbbells," put on a few humorous numbers, which put stitches in some ribs and wrinkles on every mug. We think Mr. Hennessey must be one of the famous three "stars." Anyway, he's good.

Another of the main events was the coffee-cake-sandwich wrestle. The boys surely were hungry; and how they do help themselves when there are smokes to be smoked! (Ask Hux and Bill Odinsky). The meeting was adjourned with everybody in fair health, nevertheless.

HUNT IN FULL CRY SEARCH FOR PLAYS

Every Class on the Tear for Suitable Plays—Fresh Class Very Enthusiastic

The different classes are busily searching their ranks for dramatic ability. Play reading is in full swing; at least, the various committees hope it is. Meetings of the classes have been held this week, and committees elected to read and choose a one-act play for the Inter-year Competition. The attendance has been quite satisfactory, but it is hoped the try-outs will arouse still more enthusiasm.

The Fresh had a very successful meeting on Monday of more than fifty newcomers interested in the art of the drama. Ted Manning, acting president of the Fresh class, took the chair, and Tim Byrne, president of the Dramat, was called upon to outline the activities of the club. He invited—in fact, he urged—all the Freshies present to join the club, and he is confidently expecting a Martin Harvey to appear from the ranks at any moment. The meeting decided to elect a committee of five to read plays and select one for presentation. The committee chosen consists of Magdalena Polley, convener; Audrey Grigg, Maurice Sanderson, Jack Garret and E. Poulsen. It is urged that any suggestions of possible plays be communicated to one of its members, and that all Freshmen and Freshettes watch the bulletin boards in about ten days for notices concerning try-outs.

Ken Ives was in the chair at the Soph meeting on Wednesday afternoon. Eileen Sterling and Larry Davis are on his committee, and they hope to have their play chosen by November 1st. The whole class is requested to read plays and to offer any bright suggestions which may be forthcoming to a member of the committee.

The Juniors also met on Wednesday to discuss the situation. Bert Cairns took the meeting. A committee was elected, consisting of Priscilla Hammond, convener; Sylvia Evans, and Bill King. The Juniors hope to have their play selected soon, so that casting may be done by November 1st. They already have a play under consideration, but would welcome any suggestions.

Aileen Harmon has called a meeting of all those interested in Senior Dramat on Friday at 4:30. A committee is to be chosen and suggestions of suitable plays called for. A good turn-out is requested. The result of the meeting is too late for publication, so watch the next Gateway and the notice boards for further announcements.

CHEM. CLUB HEARS A. R. O. MACDONALD

Speaker Maintains That Varsity Has Gone Off Gold Standard—How About Blondes?

"European nations and varsity students have apparently abandoned the gold standard and for that reason a paper on the chemical nature of this vital element seemed appropriate for this meeting." With these opening words A. R. O. MacDonald opened his presidential address to a large meeting of the Chemical Society on Wednesday afternoon.

Outlining the history of the fascination which gold has possessed since the time of the Babylonians, the speaker advanced to the present age when gold still appeals to the modern lady and plays an important part in the economic structure of the world.

"Contrary to the opinion prevalent at the present time, there is more gold in the world today than ever before, and it is being produced to the extent of over four hundred million dollars yearly."

Part of the responsibility which gold assumes may be due to its outstanding chemical properties, which make it resistant to many forms of chemical reaction. The color and weight which characterize this element also add to its value for jewelry and coinage.

Gold is found in two main forms, placer and quartz deposits, and almost always in a native condition. The method of recovery varies with the nature of the deposit and the ease of working. Placer miners still use the old process of amalgamation with mercury, but modern mills use either a chlorine or a cyanide process for a more efficient extraction of the metal.

This marked the conclusion of the first meeting of the Chemical Society for the present term, and a large number of students interested in chemistry and its developments were present. The next meeting will be on Wednesday, Nov. 4.

HOCKEY

A meeting of the Hockey Club will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 4:30, in Room 139 Arts. All players or prospective players turn out.

FOOTBALL GAME

DRAGOON CUP FINAL

Varsity Seniors vs. Canadian Legion

RENFREW PARK—2:30 P.M.

Admission 25c.

Students use Athletic Card.

Let's all go!

DE LA SALLE CLUB ELECTS EXECUTIVE

Next Meeting Said to Hold Novelty for Club's Members

The first meeting of the De La Salle Club for the present session was held on Sunday morning last, Oct. 18. About forty were present, though it is expected that sixty or seventy will be on hand for the next meeting.

Nominations and election of the new executive were first undertaken, which consumed about an hour's time, due to the necessity for recounts and minor difficulties over the voting for the Normal School representatives.

Nominations were:
For president: Dick Burns (elected), Frank Kinahan.

For vice-president: Mary Bell (elected), Catherine Smith.

For secretary: Eva Newton (elected), Bill Magrath, Harry Bell.

For treasurer (recount necessary): Frank Kinahan, Bill Magrath.

Normal School representatives (two to be elected by the Normal students): Bill Magrath (elected, first count), Catherine Smith (elected after third vote), Walter Nichols.

The last member of the executive is George Prieur, Chairman of St. Joseph's House Committee.

Membership in the De La Salle Club is open to all Catholic students of the University and the Normal School. Those who were not at the first meeting will be missing something if they don't attend the next, which is to be held Thursday evening, Oct. 29, at 7:30. Only a half-hour will be allotted to business, the remainder of the evening will be spent in a very pleasant way, if we are to believe the new president's promise.

After a couple of selections on the piano by Brother Francis, which were joined in lustily by all present, the meeting adjourned.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT— SPANISH BLIMPS VOTE

It is interesting to note that at last the women of Spain have come into their own politically. It is only a few days ago that the Spanish Cortes voted in favor of woman suffrage.

This seems to have resulted from a hard-fought struggle in Spain's parliament. Many of the deputies feared that to extend the franchise now would mean to undermine, eventually, the new regime. Of the two lady deputies privileged to voice their opinions in the matter, one, the director of Spain's new prison system, declared that in her opinion their women should be educated first to favor the national sentiments of the Republic. The other lady member of the Cortes, however, held different views. The vote which followed was by no means unanimous, but resulted in 160 to 121 in favor of extending the franchise to women.

Once before this was tried as an experiment in Spain, but nothing came of it. Today after recent political upheavals prospects seem more hopeful; yet, what the outcome will be for the Republic we dare not predict. Looking back over some twelve years, a parallel in enfranchisement can be found in our recent British history, and in the light of our own past we follow with better understanding this phase of Spain's history in the making.

—D. I. G.

NOTICE

The Wauneta Society announces their annual Reception to the Men Students, to be held on Saturday, October 24, in Athabasca Hall at 8:15. This is to be an informal dance.

THE EVERGREEN AND GOLD

Asks co-operation from every student to help to make the 1931-32 issue the biggest and best volume ever published.

Several executive positions are still to be filled. Anyone interested in a particular line such as advertising, editorial, engraving, cartooning or art work should see the directors immediately. Gain experience for yourself and assist the Year Book is so doing. Suggestions for changes or additional material for the book are welcome at an early date.

First Move in Co-operation: "Have your picture taken now."

JUNIORS!

Election by ballot of our Class Executive takes place place Wednesday, Oct. 28, in the basement of the Arts Building.

Election speeches will be heard Monday, Oct. 26, at 4:45 p.m., in Room 158 Med Building, from the following nominees:

President: J. C. Hewson, Geo. Meech.

Vice-Pres.: Miss D. Courtney, Miss P. Hammond.

Sec.-Treas.: Ed. Cooper, R. L. Wilson.

Executive (3 to be elected): Don Fleming, Carl Johnson, Bert Ward, Miss Margaret Smith, Cecil Jackman.

This is a good card. Let's turn out Monday.

APPOINTMENTS TO THE GATEWAY STAFF

Owing to the several calls on his time, Frank "Skiv" Edwards has found it necessary to resign his direction of The Gateway sports department. His able assistance will be given to the new Sports Editor, Johnny Maxwell.

Jack Chalmers (B.A., Man.) has been promoted to an associate editorship, and will select Casseroles features.

Miss Margaret Moore succeeds Mr. Chalmers as Gateway News Editor. Miss Margaret E. Smith will be Assistant News Editor.

We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of our reporters and proof-readers to date, and hope for their continued co-operation.

The second of the open forum debates will be held in the men's common room in the Arts Building, at 8:00 o'clock on Thursday, Oct. 29. The topic is "Resolved that the Faculty of Arts should be abolished." The leaders will be: Affirmative, Percy Field and Frances Fisher; and Negative, Cameron Kirby and Dorothy Barnhouse.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT	Hot Beef Sandwich and Potatoes	15c
MONDAY NIGHT	Fruit Salad and Toast	15c
TUESDAY NIGHT	Baked Apple, Cream and Coffee	10c

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